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Mattie Edwards Hewit:
ROSE GARDEN OF MR. CHARLES FREDERICK HOFFMAN, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

Rose Gardens of America

By Frances Benjamin Johnston

THE Rose, Rosa Mundi, undisputed Queen of Flowers, matchless in its beauty and fragrance, mystical in its symbolism, emblem eternal of lovers, perennial inspiration of painter and of poet, it is in truth the glory of the world

of growing things.

In American gardens the Rose has held potent sway since the time when the early Colonists brought over with them the "Sweet Bryer, Eglantine and the English Rose" to brighten the garden plots they were to wrest so valiantly from the New England wilderness. But while we have always had roses in our gardens, the roses which give them such distinc-

tion today are comparatively recent developments of our rose-growers, who have given us the Dorothy Perkins, the American Beauty and other incomparable roses to vie with foreign importations and to lend company to our own native Prairie Rose, the Carolina Rose, the Virginia Rose, the Shining Rose, the Swamp Rose, and the Smooth Rose. Indeed the modern rose is a modern miracle, its pedigree revealing an amazing blend of all the roses of the world, and the story of its evolution reading like an Arabian Night's tale.

The galaxy of all the veritable oldtime roses, wild roses and tea roses aside,



GARDEN OF MR. HAROLD I. PRATT, GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

Jessie Tarbox Beals

reigned supreme in the gardens of our great-grandmothers. Here from earliest Colonial times the dear roses of yester year flourished riotously, tumbling over wall and trellis, arbor and portico. What visions the mention of them brings to the mind's eye!

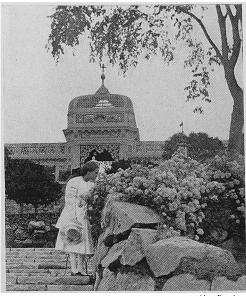
In this day of swiftly changing things it is a happy surprise to know that so many of the old-time gardens are left to us in all of their old-time lovliness. There is the garden of Van Cortlandt Manor at Croton-on-Hudson which boasts of rose vines which are over a hundred years old and which is adorned with its century old York and Lancaster bush. One finds delightful old rose-gardens throughout New England—in Salem, on Nantucket. Then there is the boxenclosed enchantment of Sylvester Manor on Shelter Island, "Wodenethe," the Sargent garden at Fishkill, "Stenton" and other historic gardens near Philadelphia, "Hampton" near Baltimore,

"Tudor Place" on Georgetown Heights, Arlington, Mount Vernon, Gunston Hall, Montpelier and Oatlands at Leesburg, Va., to name but a few of the many lovely gardens of historic interest. The rose gardens of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, those along the James River and on down to Charleston, and the gardens of the Carolinas and of the far South—all these are redolent with the fragrance of their ancientry.

As a link between these old gardens and the new though even now beautiful gardens planned and planted almost today, are such gardens as the rose garden of the late Admiral Aaron and Mrs. Ward, "Willowmere" at Rosyln on Long Island. Mrs. Ward's beautiful garden is one that has been in her family for almost a century, a garden that for many years has been a veritable Mecca for flower lovers. "He who would have beautiful roses in his garden" said Dean Hale "must have beautiful roses

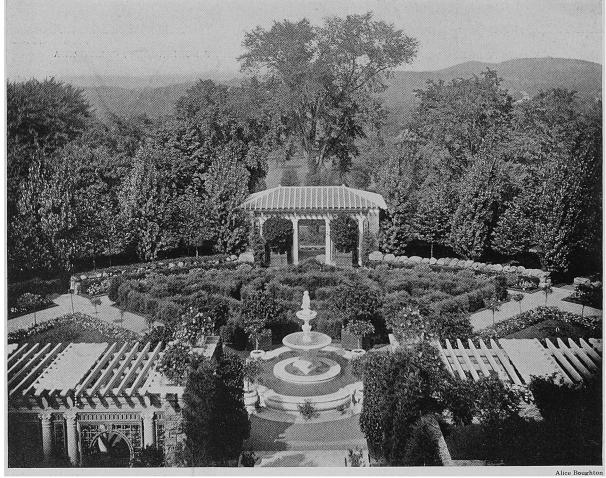
in his heart. He must love them well and always. To win, he must woo, though drought and frost consume." Such a lover, such a wooer was the Admiral. As long as roses bloom at "Willowmere" his memory will be cherished on their perfection.

The trail in quest of American rose gardens is long and pleasant. Perhaps it is a happy thing to know they cannot even be enumerated without one's having the



GARDEN OF MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
POCANTICO HILLS, NEW YORK

space of a volume at hand to record them. But some of the more famous ones will always come to mind. In the north there are the roses at "Kenarden," "Fair View," "Hauterive" and "Greenway Court" at Bar Harbor and vicinity. Along the Massachussetts North Shore and the rose gardens of the Estate, Evans Frederick Ayer's garden at Pride's Crossing, Mrs. Frank Pierce Thayer's garden at Manchester, Mrs.



KIJKUIT, THE GARDEN OF MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, POCANTICO HILLS, NEW YORK. WELLES BOSWORTH, ARCHITECT



Frances Benjamin Johnston

THE LOVELY ROSE GARDEN OF MR. C. TEMPLETON CROCKER AT BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA

Herbert Harde's own rose plantation near Ipswich. At "Weld," the Larz Anderson Estate in Brookline, July finds the garden glowing with Rambler Roses which are like crimson cascades, dropping across the landscape. Lenox, Pittsfield, and Stockbridge are famous for their rose gardens. Among them are those of "Fairlawn," "Bellefontaine," "White Lodge," "Hidden House," "Blythewood Farms," "Clover Croft," "Chesterwood," "Naumkeag" and "Brookline," gardens beautiful beyond mere description.

Newport's rose gardens are many and wonderful numbering among them those of "Beacon Hill House," "Hammersmith Farm," "Armsea Hall" (famous for its Dorothy Perkins roses).

The rose gardens in New York are as lovely. There are the roses at "Cragston," the J. Pierpont Morgan Estate at Highland Falls, at "Glenclyffe," the Stuyvesant Fish Estate at Garrison's, Mrs. Findley Shepard's garden at Irvington-on-Hudson, the John D. Rockefeller garden at Pocantico Hills, of which Welles Bosworth was architect, the Mar-

shal Hade, the Marquand and the Scribner gardens in Westchester. The many rose gardens on Long Island are noted for their beauty. Mrs. Harold I. Pratt's garden at Glen Cove is one of the finest and mention should be made of Mrs. Robert C. Hills' garden at Easthampton and that of Mrs. Wyckoff and of Mrs. Boardman at Southampton.

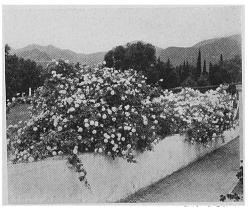
From Philadelphia south one finds many perfect rose gardens of modern planting. The Du Pont gardens at Wilmington, Delaware, occupy a unique position in that here the flowers of the North and of the South may meet and thrive in happy companionship.

Of course the Pacific coast is the land of roses. Nowhere in America do they grow more tuxuriantly, nowhere is their fragrance more exquisite. At Santa Barbara is an especially lovely garden, that of Mrs. Oakleigh Thorne who has created there an amphitheatre of roses unique in design. Nearby is "El Fureides," the unrivalled Gillespie gardens. But in this beautiful and perfect land of California, even more than elsewhere

the lovely rose gardens are myriad and one cannot name them all. One should pay tribute to the American Rose Society for its influence encouraging garden owners to turn their attention to the best that rose culture in America has developed. Professor Sarof Brookline. gent Mass., offers immortality for at least a thou-

sand years to the one who will establish in America—preferably in the Arnold Arboretum—a living, growing rose museum, one that will rival the most remarkable rose garden in the world, that of Mr. Gravereaus of S. Haye, near Paris.

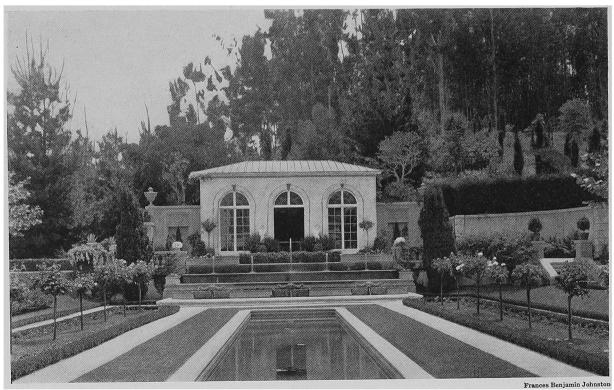
Indicating the comparatively recent origin of what many gardeners still treasure as old-time favorites, it is interesting to note that the first Hybrid Perpetual was produced by Gaffay in



Frances Benjamin Johnston
"EL FUREIDO", GARDEN OF MR. JAMES W.
GILLESPIE, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

1830. The Safrano appeared in 1839, the Hermosa in 1840, Mme. Beavy in 1848, Gloire de Dijon and the General Jacquiminot in 1853, the Marechal Niel in 1864, while La France, the first Hybrid Tea was brought out by Guillot in 1867. Lovely amongst the lovliest they are, but they do not make us forget the dear old-

fashioned Eglantine, the Blush Rose, the Seven Sisters, the Hundred-Leaved Moss Rose, the Cabbage Rose, the Damask, the Velvet, the Musk, the Cinnamon, the Yellow Briar, the Rose of the Four Seasons and the Rose of York and Lancaster. We may be glad when we find them in our new gardens and we shall not forget with what beauty they endowed the rose gardens of days gone by, treasured gardens of memory.



TREE ROSES IN THE GARDEN OF MR. JOSEPH D. GRANT AT BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA